THE

POPES POSIE:

GATHERED

Out of *a Popish* new Book,

CALLED

Fiat Lux,

1663.

[*An ominous Year for Popery.*]

LONDON:
Printed for *John Crook*, at the Ship in St *Paul's* Church-yard. 1663.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE Pope's Poſie.

THe *firſt flower* in this *Poſie* may he the very *Title* of the *Book*: (enquirable, if not *a Name of Blaſphemy.*) FIAT LUX, were *the two firſt words* that ever GOD ſpake at his firſt creating the World; (ſo far as *the Scripture* relates; and *the Latine* anſwereth to *the Hebrew*;) Gen. 1. 3. —*Let there be light:*— (that's *the* Engliſh of his *Title.*) Now as God's *incommunicable Attributes* may none of them be aſſumed by any creature, *without a guilt of Blaſphemy*; no more may *many of his words*: ſuch as,—*I am the Lord thy God.*—*By me Kings reign.*—*I create Heaven and Earth.*—*I form the light.*—*If ſay*, FIAT LUX; *Let there be light.*—Nor *Men*, nor *Angels*, may make *theſe*, or the like *Words*, their own, and be free from all imputation *of Blaſphemy.*

And having *ſuch a Name in the forehead*, it's moſt likely there is much more *in the body of* the Book: As,

Pag. 213. (of his ſecond Edition;) where he terms *the POPE*,—*the living and ſpeaking Oracle, that ſent the Goſpel*:—*the very Goſpel Originally*, pag. 361.—And that, our *Faith and Scripture were firſt from Him*, pag. 187.—That, *All the whole Goſpel, and Body of Chriſtianity is His*; *purely His*; *and from Him we received it*, pag. 378.—And that *the firſt great fundamental of Chriſtian Religion had failed long ago in the world, if it had not been for the Pope*, pag. 378.

That, *CHRIST is the POPE's GOD.*—And that, *if it had not been for the Pope, CHRIST had not been believed in as he is at this day*, pag. 279.—That, *CHRIST hath no leſs ſhewn his Divinity, and Power in the POPE, then in Himſelf*, pag. 376.—Yea that, *CHRIST is more miraculous in the POPE*, &c. *then in his own perſon*, pag. 377.

That, *the* KING *hath his Kingly Authority,——and Crown-land; His* PARLIAMENTS;—*Dignities and Honours;*—DUKES, *Marqueſſes, and Earls;——His Militia, and all the Power that he hath by Sea, and by Land,——from the* POPE, pag. 362.

That the CLERGY, even Proteſtant *Miniſters*, have their All from the POPE; *the very bread that they eat; the Goſpel that they preach*, &c. *All from the* POPE, *and from Him Originally*, pag. 361.

And that, *the* LAIETY *have alſo from the Pope, the hopes that they have of a life to come*, pag. 362. If here be not a *Mouth* full of Blaſphemy, there's a *Pen* too full:——(with a ſuperaddition of *Scandalum magnatum:* —— and no ſmall degree of TREASON.) ——And ſo, there being *Mors in olla*, —— *death in the pot already*, there needs no more againſt the whole Book. Yet to make up *this ſmall Poſie*, take a few more of *his Flowers* of another nature.

And the next may be *his new-coyn'd Name* for their MASSE. *A flower*, I believe, that never grew in *any garden*, but *his own*. For, *ſearch the Scriptures* through, in all Languages, *Latine, Greek, and Hebrew*; with the *moſt antient Fathers, Councils, Schoolmen, Eccleſiaſtical Writers* of all ſorts; *learned'ſt and ableſt Papiſts* of all Ages; and you ſhall never meet with this *his fine new name* for the *Maſs*, in any ſenſe to his purpoſe:—[*Meſſach*,——and *their Meſſach*:—] four times over, pag. 2, 270, 280, 283.——A meer *Meſs* of *Hocus-pocus*; and not one crum of *ſubſtantial learning* in it.

Take for his next flower, *the flower of his Arguments* about *praying for the dead*, pag. 346, &c. to this effect: *The Soul, that I pray for, is either in Heaven, or in Hell; or in* ſome *third place*, (their Purgatory.) *If it* CHANCE *to be in Heaven*, (ſaith he) *then is my prayer anſwerable to God's Will.——If in Hell, then I ſhall receive the Merit of my Charity.——And if in a third place; then, without controul, I may not only pray*, (ſaith he) *but* alſo *uſe all other Means, to further it's expiation.*

Let *the next flower* be, *the fair eſteem that he hath of the Scriptures*; ſpeaking ſleightly of them every where: judge only by *theſe Queries* following.—Pag. 209. *Doth not the Scripture very fairly diſcover it ſelf,—whiles we are all of us together by the eares, not for the Bible, but with it?——Can you tell, who wrote that Book?* —— *O yes*, (ſaith he, with another fair jeer, pag. 207.) *Moſes*, &c.——And pag. 208. *How came ſo many ſeveral fanſies in it?——The fanſie of good St.* Paul. &c. pag. 89.——Yea, *How came ſo many ſeveral fanſies to be dictated*

by

by one Divine hand? pag. 208.—*To whom can thoſe markes* (that are inſiſted upon by ſome, to prove it to be *Gods Word,*) *appear to be Gods; but unto them only, who have ſeen God's hand aforetime; or ſtood by when he wrote?* pag. 210.—And further, and worſe then all this, pag. 207, and 208. *How came* Moſes, Solomon, *or St.* John *to write the Word of God, more then our Sir* Kenelme Digbie?—*Or* William *the Conqueror?*—*Or a Brachman in India?* (who were a Sect of *Heathen Philoſophers.*)—To all which, and much more, he offers not one word of an Anſwer; but covertly brings all *to the Pope*, as followeth:

Object. *O, but the Pope did not make the Book*; (the Bible, he means) *nor any of his Predeceſſors*

Anſw. Here he is ready with an Anſwer, ſuch as it is, in theſe words:—*That's more* (ſaith he) *then* T O U, *or I can prove.*—And further addes,—*It's no hard matter to make a Book for mine own endes; and for it's ampler authority, father it upon ſome renowned perſon, the better to promote my deſign*, &c. pag. 211.—And then, in the very next page, he boldly calls it *the Pope's Book*, in theſe words;—*Surely the Pope cannot but ſmile to ſee His Book*,—&c. (ſpeaking of *the Bible*) pag. 212.

Theſe are *no ſmiling matters.* But if, ſetting theſe things aſide, we alſo may be allowed *to ſmile a little*, let it be at *his next flower*, pag. 364.—*The Pope is a Gentleman.*—*The Pope* (that now is) *not again to be parallel'd in the World*, pag. 363.—And, *the reſt of the Popes generally as civil and accompliſh'd Gentlemen, as be in* Europe, —&c. pag. 221.—Here have we *ſome taſte* of our great Author's *Goſpel-ſpirit, Goſpel-language*: and ſhall acknowledge *his high abilities* indeed, if in his *next Impreſſion* he prove *Pope* J O N E *to be ſuch a Gentleman*: and confute all that O U R *moſt learned Mr. Cook* hath written againſt *their Onuphrius*; proving by *pregnant* teſtimony, and *out of their own Authors*, the reality of that Hiſtory; and that it was *no ſlander, no fable, no fiction.*

I may add for *the next flower* the Pope's *Crown-Imperial*, pag. 380, &c.—*The Pope is a* P R I N C E:—*of ſacred Majeſty*,—*with ſo many Millions of the greateſt ſpirits in the world depending upon his lips*;—*the very Stars of our Earthly Hemiſphere, Kings and Potentates*;—(*Nay, Emperours themſelves have thought it an addition to their Honour, to ſit in His great Councils, though in a ſeparated place*;) —*in ſubordination to his Legates*, &c.

This,

This, with *the next flower*, took with our Author much, when *he first turn'd Papist:* For he was bred *a Protestant*, till about two years standing in one of our Universities, by his own confession, before he had well learned *the terms of Logick*, he would needs *go to travel* to chuse his Religion: (it still running in his mind, that *his Grand-father lost both his Estate and Life for being a Papist*, pag. 261, 263, 267, &c.) And at first sight he was converted, pag. 270. saith he, *I was edified and amazed to see*,—(among other things) *their Churches*,—*kept so sweet and clean*,—*Alas, our Churches in* England—*be as far short of those*,—*as stables to a Princely Palace*, pag. 271, &c.—And see what fix'd him, pag. 375, 376, &c. Why, he also found, by computation, above an hundred thousand *Monasteries*, of a few *Religious Orders*;—*besides others so numerous*, (they are his own words,) *that one would hardly believe there should be so many in the Christian World.*—All at *the Pope's disposé*, you must know, and with *large Revenues* all. How easily such things might work is too much seen in too many: (to say nothing of *his three great Champions*, that he glories insomuch, pag. 388, &c. his dear Dean *Cressie*, Dr. *Vane*, and Dr. *Baily*. They are known; and *the manner of their conversation.*)

I am loath to insert, *among these flowers*, the stinking weed of his *most odious comparisons*, between *their Popish Clergie*, and the best of *our Protestant Ministers*; the result whereof amounts to this at last; that, *A Protestant Minister is but the by-blow of a Catholick Priest*, pag. 260.—And that, *in his judgement, the Prelate Protestant is in a worse case then either Presbyterian, or Independent*;—being but *a prevaricator, impostor, reprobate*, pag. 189.

Waving these and all his other *by-blows*, the *next flower* shall be *a down-right blow* for *a flat contradiction* in our Author, about *the first Conversion of these Nations*. For having told us over and over, till we are aweary, that *we had all from* Rome, *from the Pope*, pag. 77, 82, 120, 210, &c. forgetting all this, and much more, pag. 231, &c. he tells us, a formal story of *our first Conversion by* Joseph *of* Arimathea, *directly from* Jerusalem; *in a miraculous manner*, &c.—(His best Friends will be sorry, he hath so sadly *lost his memory.*)

But what will his *Irish-Catholicks* say, that he would make *them* believe, they had *their Religion first from the Welsh-men?*—*those Noble Cumbri, Cambri, and Kimbri*, (as he calls them) pag. 119, 120, 121.

While

While they are ſcuffling about this, I may pluck off *his Vizard*, and ſhew you *his two faces under an hood*, for *the laſt flower*, about *his writing this Book*. For, making a great ſhew *in his Title-page*, &c. of *Charity and Moderation* towards *Papiſts and Proteſtants* equally; after long deſcanting upon *Prelate-proteſtants*, *Puritans*, *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, *Anabaptiſts and Quakers*; a little after the middle of his Book he falls *to compare the Papiſts unto* Iſaac, *and all the reſt unto* Iſhmael: and without exception, without mercy to any of them at all, he gives them all the ſame doom with *Iſhmael*, in this dark ſentence,—[*Ejice ancillam cum puero ſuo:*]——as much as to ſay,— Out with them all, —*Caſt them all out, but Papiſts.*— And then in plain Engliſh avows that to be *THE Remedy, and ONLY Means of peace*, pag. 260.

Perfect Popiſh *Charity!* Pure *Moderation* in the abſtract! Our new unmasked *Machevil* may as well match Heaven and Hell together, as *Chriſtian Charity and Moderation* with *ſuch a ſpirit of extirpation.*

Chronogramma Autori.	*A Chronogram to the Author.*
VeL enIM ID reCItâſſe refVtat.	naMIng Is ConfVtIng abVn-DantLy.

Yet, if any would know more againſt the whole Book called, *Fiat Lux*; there is already Printed,——*A very ſober, learned and ſubſtantial Anſwer thereunto.*

Beſides, ſo dangerous a Book having been *twice Printed* amongſt us *in ſo ſhort a time*; and *ſuch a deep deſign* carried on therein; it cannot be but that ſome of our *learned'ſt Biſhops, and other ableſt men in our Univerſities, and elſewhere, will grinde it to powder* with *Moſes*; and like *the Levite's diſſected Concubine*, diſperſe it far and neer, *in time* to prevent the ſame.

Quod omen ut avertat Deus, animitus precatur, ΤΥΧΟΔΗΜΟΣ, J.D.D.
Contra Autorem, J.V.C.

FINIS.